

# OMEN

brand™

*sautéed*  
**PORK  
SNACK**



PORK HOCKS  
MARINATED  
IN SOY SAUCE,  
KETCHUP  
& MAYONAISE

# OMEN

brand™

## BEEF STICK



**50% CHOICE  
BRITISH BEEF**

Also Contains:  
Water, salt, thumbs,  
ammonium sulfate,  
30 weight motor oil,  
natural coloring and  
spices, yellow #30.

# OMEN

brand™

OLD-FASHIONED  
**BEAVER  
-CHEW-**



A  
West Virginia  
Mountain  
Specialty

Omen Brand™ Meat Snacks...

*Eat Me!* ®



# The Omen

Volume 7, Number 11

May 3, 1996

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**“It’s like ass...for your face!”**  
**-Jonathan Land**

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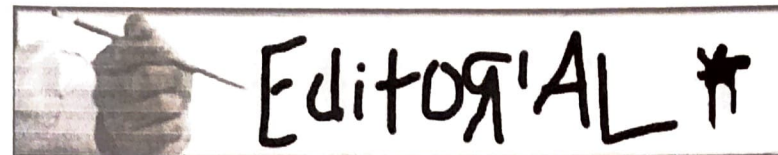
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## Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?



## Excerpts From A Retrospective

Hold on a sec while I spin the Editorial Topic-O-Matic that The Omen spent 683 dollars of your student activities funds on...

Wait... it's slowing down...  
Yurt...Retards...Phoenix...Retards...Free Babble...Retards...Mongoloids... (Yes, of course we loaded it) . . . C a m p u s Politics...Meat...Academics...

Academics it is! I came here all the way from Advising, and boy, is my ass tired. Just kidding. I've never been to Advising. But seriously folks, I'm really excited by the fact that I'm going to pass my Div II today. It really means a lot to me, and I'd like to thank you all for being there for me. As a special treat, I'm going to include the part of my retrospective here that the Presidents Office and the FBI asked me to remove for national security purposes. Here it goes:

In my time at Hampshire so far, I've discovered a lot of interesting things, besides the obvious fact that people are getting dumber all the time. Let's break it down by semester, shall we?

Fall '93: I was so young, so innocent, so recovering from my multiple yellowjacket attack from my pre-college trip. I was

in a new place with new people. I went to the United Nations International High School, in New York, and when I was choosing colleges, I said, "Fuck diversity, I want to be with MY people!" So after I was rejected from KKK University in Alabama (for being Jewish, go figure?), I came to the second best place, Hampshire College. When things kicked into gear, I made two observations. The first was, "This place is going to make me real homo, real fast." I know former Omen Music Editor Ben Piekut was feeling the same way the first time we met, and he thought I was a big flamer when I invited him back to my room after the official "Don't Worry, We Told Your Parents You Won't Become Real Homo, Real Fast Here" assembly to listen to Negativland. Please... Now if I wanted him to listen to Erasure, then he really should have been worried. I digress... The second observation was, "There are a lot of lousy, spoiled brat hippies around here, and they must be dealt with." And so I started to deal with them. I founded the Megans organization with Beth Young at that time. We put up really offensive posters, claiming to be a "radical meat eating" collective. Eventually I had the idea to make

it a social psychology experiment, but then I backed out because I developed a conscience about experimenting on people who were unaware they were being experimented on. What a coward I was back then!!! I then developed a spine and moved on to infuriate just about everyone on campus when I had a chalk campaign critiquing the chalk campaign of the AIDS Action Collective. I've discovered that people can't deal with criticism for so-called "loaded topics". Fuck 'em.

Spring '94: Besides having an ongoing battle with Dan Gregor via the Post Office (it seems he received all of my junk mail - our boxes were one digit off), I had a nervous breakdown and the development of a panic disorder, that I have yet to free myself of. I was fairly out-of-commission, in therapy, and on Valium. I don't think the Valium worked as much as Neil Stilling's Question of Human Rationality course did for numbing the pain. I tape record his classes and play them back at night to ensure a solid slumber.

Next week: My second year.

**Jonathan Land**  
**Managing Editor**  
**The Omen**





## Gaines' Suspension

On Wednesday, April 17, Lorenzo Gaines was suspended from the Chairmanship of Community Council. The vote was unanimous, with two abstentions; Gaines announced his intention not to pursue a re-instatement.

The suspension was the result of an investigation of alleged misconduct on the part of the Chair regarding certain funds of Community Council. The misconduct charges are the latest developments in an exploration of Community Council funds that was prompted by several groups, most notably certain recipients of "Priority Funding," complaining about discrepancies in accounting by the Financial Committee division of Community Council.

The vote took place in West Lecture Hall, when a emergency meeting of Council was attended by a crowd of students, faculty, and staff that outnumbered the capacity of Council's usual meeting place, FPH 105.

After his suspension, Gaines agreed to speak to concerned and curious students in East Lecture Hall. The majority of the crowd in WLH abandoned

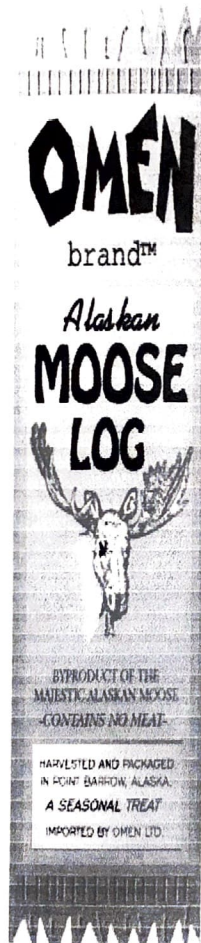
the Council meeting to hear the words of the former Chair.

When questioned about the validity of the charges brought against him, Gaines was vehement about his innocence, but vague about his analysis of the situation. Alleging that the proceedings and system are "racist," he refused to comment about the specific issues at hand, a refusal largely facilitated by the particular questions asked by a largely un-informed audience. Adding to the confusion was a memo, circulated by "concerned students," that many assumed was the official report of the Ad-Hoc Committee in charge of the investigation. This was not the case.

Gaines challenged any authors of the memo to step forward and accept responsibility for the document. No one present at either the Council meeting, or Gaines's talk in ELH, was willing to do so.

Gaines left the meeting after much heated debate, after announcing his intention to now be "a regular student."

**Stephanie Cole**  
News Editor  
The Hampshire Omen



## A Doobie In Every Room...

Friday, April 26 was the date of the semesterly event known as "The Hampshire Smoke-In," an endeavor sponsored by Hampshire's student group "HEMP." Structured to create awareness, facilitate fun, and spur debate over the issue of marijuana and the laws pertaining to it, the Smoke-In created a controversy amongst various members of the Hampshire community.

In a reaction to certain illegal activities taking place within the event, the Administration issued a statement affirming the school's commitment to "free speech," but condemning getting stoned as a form of legitimate expression. Stating that Hampshire does not condone illegal activity and is dubious about the educational value in mass euphoria, this memo garnered a vehement reaction from participants of the Smoke-In.

"Who the hell is Deb Martin to judge what is educational and what isn't?" demanded Danny Medress, head of the HEMP collective and an organizer of the event, apparently unimpressed by Martin's employ as Dean of Students. "Deb shouldn't judge."

The Smoke-In consisted of various advocates of the legalization of marijuana speaking and distributing leaflets, a jazz band, a few concession stands, and a

door prize of luggage made of hemp. With "a concerted effort" to tone down the length and volume of speakers, according to Danny Medress, the event was primarily constructed around the fun exchange of ideas with the focal point being marijuana. People milled around, enjoyed the music, and generally expressed a positive attitude regarding the proceedings.

This attitude was not reflected by various figures of Hampshire "authority."

"It would make more sense to take their concerns to the State House," said Public Safety director Derrick Elmes, commenting on the efficacy of the Smoke-In. While Elmes acknowledged that the events participants exhibited "restrained" behavior, he mentioned that any blatant violation of the law puts the school "in a bad position."

Another member of the Administration commented, "In my book, puffing marijuana is not free speech."

Members of HEMP did not take kindly to this reaction.

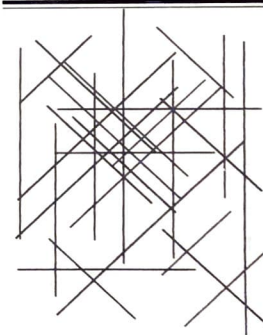
"I think it's shit," said organizer Aaron Wolfe (F95), in reference to the memo. In interview, he proclaimed his goals for the Smoke-In to be a responsible, informative time. He found the Administration "unsupportive"

of this goal; for example, a P.A. system previously reserved in Media Services was rendered unavailable to the HEMP organization, and the group had to privately obtain another one.

Last semester, Hampshire's "Day in the Lab" for high school girls was canceled due to simultaneous scheduling with the Smoke-In. Administration and HEMP point to each other for this incident; HEMP maintains that the event was scheduled with sufficient time for the conflict to be observed and dealt with, while the Administration puts the blame at the hands of an organization that engages in illegal activity.

This semesters Smoke-In occurred without incident. No arrests, or disciplinary action on the part of the college, took place.

**Stephanie Cole**  
As reported by  
**Chris Ruge**  
The Hampshire Omen





# SECTION HATE

## Adios, Brassard Style

Section Hate - 29 April, 1996

Well, it has been a rather long time since last I graced these hallowed pages with my vociferous invective, and I'll bet y'all have missed me.

Well, maybe not, but a guy can dream, can't he?

I've been up to my eyeballs in sickness and theater for the past couple of weeks, which has forced me to spend far too much of my time in bed and in EDH, respectively. A few weeks ago, I came down with a sickening outbreak of herpes simplex one - you know, the cold sore variety - that sent my lips and the entirety of my mouth into new and unexplored regions of disgustingness. I won't go into the details - just know that I couldn't eat solid foods for almost a week. And then, once I got better, I had to jump right back into the show I was doing, Heartbeat Optional, which went up the past two weekends in the Mainstage at EDH. I haven't had a lot of time to breathe, which is always frustrating - but I know that there are many who are busier than me, so I'll stop bitching now.

I've had trouble coming up with a topic or issue to discuss in this weeks column - a lot of trouble. I just can't seem to mus-

ter up the passion (or whatever) for any particular topic like I used to. This, of course, has forced me to think about just what it is I do for The Omen, and why I do it. And I've realized that I, to a lesser degree than Jon did when he was Section Hate editor, try to stir things up, be deliberately provocative, make people think about things instead of just sitting there like a lump on a log, being rich, looking pretty and saying "Well, there's nothing I can do." Why do I do it? It matters to me. People don't think enough in this country; people definitely don't think enough at Hampshire College. Anything I do to provoke a response - any response, up to and including strong hatred for yours truly - is something positive. It means that people are thinking, at least in some small fashion.

But, lately, I've been finding it harder and harder to write, to stir things up, because...well, frankly, because I never get responses. Even after my last article, fairly begging for people to slam me, I got three responses - which, of course, is better than the one response I'd gotten up to then in two years of public writing. But it's difficult to care when you're not getting any feedback - and my articles, of late, reflect that lack of caring.

They have been sub-par, I feel, and it is not fair to myself, The Omen, or even the Hampshire community for me to be putting stuff out there just because I need to have an article every week as an editor.

So, what I am saying, in my own long-winded fashion, is this: effective immediately, I hereby resign my editorship as Section Hate Editor of the Hampshire Omen. It's been a tough decision, and one not solely influenced by the abovementioned stuff - school pressures and a feeling that it's time to move on have also played a role. I don't want anyone to get the impression that I am blaming the Hampshire community for this - that's just silly and stupid, and I wouldn't even try. I'm just letting you know what the mitigating factors were in this decision, like any dedicated editorialist.

Like you care, anyway.

So, that's it for my reign in Section Hate. I'm still open to comments, suggestions, and the like. You can send your responses to Box 21 (snailmail) or jobf92@hamp.hampshire.edu (email). Or, hell, write for The Omen. You don't want to see Casey Nordell become Section Hate Editor, now, do you?

*Continued on Page 9.*

## I Uhh, Need To Check Something Out

One of the greatest lessons I have learned in my time at Hampshire is that everyone is brought up differently. For instance, when I was just a lad, my mother imparted to me the pearl of wisdom that says "stealing is wrong."

Recently, there has been much chit-chatting around me concerning possible mis-use of community funds. This brings up two important questions: what constitutes "misuse" of community funds, and what is the difference between "misuse" and "stealing?"

So these funds, coming from our student activities fee, belong to all of us. This being the case, it would seem that the use of these funds should benefit the community as a whole. The term "misuse" implies that funds were somehow kept from fulfilling this role.

Let's say, through the miracle of democracy, that these funds are earmarked to purchases chips and dip, so that the female segment of our community will not get hungry while examining each others' clitori. Continuing in this hypothetical scenario, let us say the money was *instead* used to purchase home brewing equipment. Coming from a non-judgmental liberal background as we all are, it is impossible to put either of these purchases on a higher moral ground. That being the case, we should endeavor

to find ground upon which to differentiate these two purchases.

Our community being one of higher learning, one obvious way to evaluate would be the consideration of educational value. If anything, chips and dip would be a distraction from an in-depth clitoral examination. Historically, Covens of this sort have been relegated to refreshmentless hutchies on the outskirts of town. It seems odd to need to spend 26,000 dollars to learn something you can discover in the back seat of a Chevy.

Home brewing is also a craft that requires experience. This experience, however, has a legitimate need for the proper equipment. Further, it is altogether possible that one could take the lessons learned from a home brewing kit, and make a career out of it. The benefits to society, as a whole, are also significant. For there can be no disagreement, one thing this country does not need is more bad beer.

Even the flat-out purchasing of pre-made alcoholic beverages is of greater benefit to the community than gynecological research behind closed doors. For as Nietzsche tells us, it is through drunkenness that man attains a Dionysian sense of unity.

However, educational value can be no substitute for a sense

of justice in one's community. While I would find it distasteful that my money was being used to fund cervical analysis, I would realize at the same time that it was not unjust. If these young women had the fortitude to convince free-thinking primates that they needed money to look at their genitals, then they are better men than I. There were channels set up for this and they utilized them to their full advantage.

On the other hand, I would have no qualms with the promotion of home brewing on this campus. But in our hypothetical, nobody had to have the balls to convince the community to give them money for their wholly self-serving activities.

So clearly, the term "misuse" is highly subjective. It does not impart a sense of injustice to the degree that the more accurate term, "stealing," does. Thus, it would seem I have answered my second question.

While the word "misuse" can describe a variety of shady transactions, only "stealing" describes the covert, one-sided, usurpation of things which belong to another. Again, living in a non-judgmental, liberal community, I cannot label these actions as "right" or "wrong." Therefore, I can only attribute my immense disgust and disappointment to my myopic Christian upbringing. I will try to change.

**Chris Ruge**

# BITE ME.

What a beautiful phrase, full of release;  
Much more forceful than "Whatever."

For use when one is not at peace,  
and lacks the proper head to sever.

Things not going your way, chum?  
No problem, friend, here's your solution:  
Find those who've treated you like scum  
and offer this elocution:

"BITE ME!"

(oh, they'll be quite shocked)

"BITE ME!"

(and quite a bit offended)

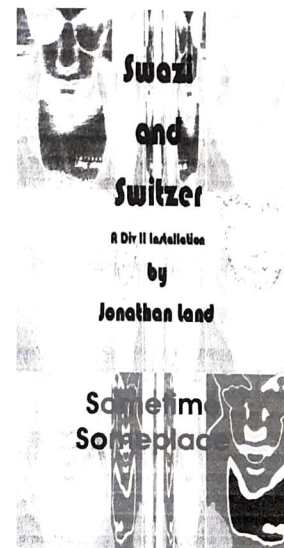
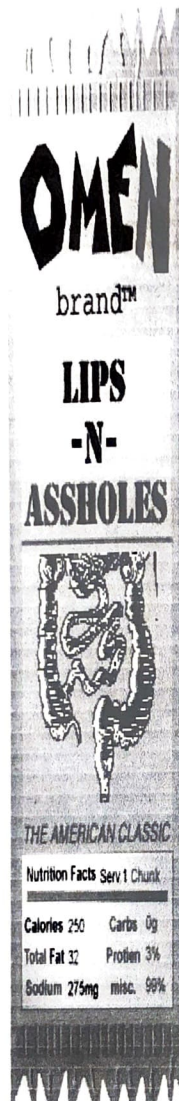
"BITE ME!"

(they won't appreciate being mocked)

"BITE ME!"

(but your frustration will have ended!)

**Jenn Pozner**



## Bye, Josh

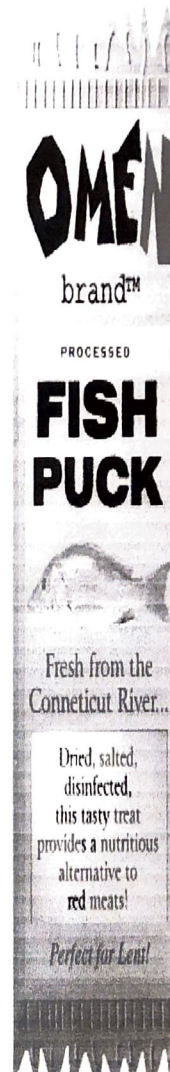
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So, till next we meet on this road to inanity, remember, kiddies: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

What a long, strange thppth...

**Josh Brassard**  
Section Hate Editor  
The Hampshire Omen

**Lookin'  
for  
Staff for next  
semester,  
Just thought  
you'd like to  
know**





**SCOTT MATZ**

SHOTS FROM A MOVING CAR

**MEREDITH DELOCA**

I'M A FREAK, YOU'RE A FREAK

DIVISION III SHOWING  
HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE MAIN GALLERY

MAY 5 - 7, 1996

RECEPTION MAY 5, 6 - 8 PM

# Out For The Evening

**Div III  
Exhibit  
and  
Recital**



A Division III Recital  
by  
Aaron Mulvany  
May 5, 1996  
Music Recital Hall  
8:00 pm